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NEGATIVE BURN

PAUL POPE • BRIAN BOLLAND • WAYNE VANSANT • GREG DIGENTI • JOE STATON • MIKE HOFFMAN

NEGATIVE BURN

A Mad Hatter Studios
International Product

Joe Pruett ~ Editor

VOLUME ONE
NUMBER TWENTY

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P.O.Box 893, Acworth, GA 30101

I SAW YES TONITE, AN OLD FRIEND, AS I WALKED...
PORTRAIT of A GIRL with an UNPRONOUNCEABLE Name
P-95

YES IS WHAT THE VICTORIANS WOULD'VE CALLED A HANDSOME, SWARTHY GENTLEMAN.
HE WAS FROM SOME MEDITERRANIAN COUNTRY, I FORGET WHICH ONE...

HE WAS ONE OF THE ONES WHO SAT IN IN THE BACK OF THE COFFEE HOUSE WITH THE ALGERIANS, SPEAKING FRENCH, SMOKING CAMEL UNFILTEREDS, DRINKING THE BLACKEST OF BLACK ESPRESSOS...

HIS ENGLISH WAS ALMOST POOR. HE LIKED TO SIT AND WATCH ME DRAW. HE WAS THE ONLY GUEST I REMEMBER HAVING AT THAT LONELY CORNER TABLE.
THAT PROUD PERCH, THAT STUPID FORTRESS.

WINTER, AND IT WAS HOT AS HELL INSIDE.
022391923

HOT AND SOLID, WITH THE SMOKE THAT STINGS YOUR EYES AND CLINGS RIGHT TO YOUR HAIR FOLICLES.

I DREW A GODDESS UNDER A BRILLIANT STAR.
I WAS FULL OF THINGS LIKE THAT - GODDESSES, ANGELS, SHIRTLESS WANDERERS.
WHO IS IT?
YES, ASKED
A GODDESS, I REPLIED
MAY I HAVE IT?
HE PRESUMES, AND I SAY,
NO.
HE ASKS ME IF I'D DO A DRAWING FOR HIM, IN THAT CASE.
SURE, I SAY.
HE PULLED OUT A FAT, BEATEN-UP WALLET FROM ONE OF HIS HIDDEN INNER FOLDS AND TOOK OUT A TINY SQUARE OF PAPER. HE HELD IT IN HIS LEFT HAND WITH RARE DELICATENESS.
IT WAS A TINY PICTURE, BLACK AND WHITE, AN IMAGE OF A BEAUTIFUL BOYISH GIRL WITH THE BROAD FEATURES OF THE EAST...
IT WAS ONE OF THOSE PHOTOMACHINE PICTURES, SCORED DOWN TO PERFECT EDGES. IT WAS ABOUT THE LENGTH OF HALF YOUR THUMB.
IT WAS A SNAPSHOT OF THE LOVE OF HIS LIFE, WHOSE NAME WAS LONG AND COMPLICATED, STRANGE, AND NOW I'VE FORGOTTEN IT...
ON THE BACK IT WAS SPELLED OUT IN ARABIC.

HE TOLD ME HE WAS ENGAGED TO THE GIRL.
YES EXPLAINED THE CUSTOMS OF HIS COUNTRY TO ME.
HE EXPLAINED THAT IT'S TRADITIONAL FOR FAMILIES TO ARRANGE MARRIAGES WHERE HE COMES FROM.
HE TOLD ME HIS ARRANGED MARRIAGE WAS ONE OF THE RARE ONES IN WHICH THE COUPLE WERE ACTUALLY IN LOVE.
HE SAID THEY WERE VERY MUCH IN LOVE.
I DON'T DOUBT IT'S TRUE, MOSTLY BECAUSE OF THE WAY HE SAID IT.
... SO I SAT AND LISTENED AND DREW.
I ASKED A FEW QUESTIONS, MAINLY TO ASSERT DETAILS OF TIME AND PLACE.
WHEN WERE YOU ENGAGED?
FOUR YEARS AGO.
WHAT DID SHE DO?
SHE WAS A STUDENT.
HE SAID THE NAME OF THE UNIVERSITY. IT WAS SOME PLACE IN GERMANY.
SHE STUDIED, I THINK, POLITICAL SCIENCE.
WAS SHE FROM A LARGE FAMILY?
YES, VERY LARGE.
SHE HAD SIX BROTHERS, NO SISTERS, ALL BROTHERS.

HE SAID IT WAS ON HOLIDAY IN FRENCH ALGERIA, BEFORE THEY FINISHED SCHOOL, WHEN IT HAPPENED. THEY WERE WITH FRIENDS.
SHE DROWNED THERE.
... AS HE TOLD ME THIS I STOPPED DRAWING.
YES IS A HANDSOME MAN, PROUD, COLLOGNED, SHINY, BLACK CURLED, NOT GIVEN TO EMOTION.
HIS HUMBLED, VULNERABLE TONE GAVE EVERYTHING UNSPOKEN AWAY.
HE STUMBLED INTO HIS CONFESSION, THEN, THERE IN THAT NOISY, SMOKY, GLARING CAFE.
I KEPT SILENT.
I DIDN'T ASK QUESTIONS, I LET HIM TELL IT.

THE PICTURE WAS THE LAST ONE THEY TOOK BEFORE SHE DIED, HAVING STOPPED SOMEWHERE ON THE ROAD...
Photos
A FRIEND WANTED TO STOP AT AN OPEN MARKET, AND IT'S WHERE THEY SAW THE BOOTH. "IT WAS A WHIM," HE TOLD ME.
SHE LEFT AN APPLE, HALF EATEN, ON THE BLANKET ON THE SHORE.
HE CAME TO THE US. TO FINISH SCHOOL AND TO FORGET HER.
I TURNED HIS LITTLE PICTURE OVER.
IS THIS HER NAME?
I ASKED
HE NODDED. I FOUND THE NAME. UNPRONOUNCEABLE.
IT SUDDENLY ALL SEEMED SO STUPID AND POINTLESS, THE COFFEE CUPS, THE DELICATE DOLLOPS OF ICING ON THE COUNTERTOP CAKES.
THE GIRL WITH THE PERFECTLY SLICKED HAIR.
AND WORDS.
BUT I SAW SOMETHING CREEP UP, SNEAKY AND SUDDEN, IN YES.
SOMETHING UNBEATEN AND NEW.

SOMETHING, SAD, CHALLENGED, AND STILL UNDEFEATED.
SOMETHING FLOWN ACROSS ROOFTOPS AND OCEANS TO BE HERE WITH ME, AND I, IT'S WITNESS.
PAST THE WIRES OF ROADS, THROUGH THE BRANCHES OF TREES, OVER THE MILES AND MILES
ACROSS THE BLEACHED FIELDS AND ENDLESS HIGHWAYS OF COUNTLESS COUNTRYSIDES.
AND SO I WROTE THOSE STRANGE LETTERS OF HER NAME BELOW THE PICTURE AND TORE THE PAGE FOR HIM OUT OF THE TABLET.
HE TOOK THE PICTURE SILENTLY, APPRAISING IT, WEIGHING IT.
TIGHT LIPPED AND ALERT, NODDING HIS THANK YOU TO ME.
THEN SOME TIME PASSED AND WE BOUGHT US EACH MORE COFFEE, AND OUR CONVERSATION TURNED TO OTHER THINGS...
TONITE, HIS STEP SPRINGY WITH PURPOSE, HIS SMILE CROOKED AND OPEN, I THOUGHT OF THIS...
AS YES AND I SHOOK HANDS.
"PAUL," HE SAID.
"YES," I REPLIED.
AND WITH THAT, WE WENT OUR OWN WAYS.
HE IN HIS, I IN MINE.

MR. MAMOULIAN

SITTING IN A ROOM

"I AM SITTING IN A ROOM" BY ALVIN LUCIER IS AVAILABLE ON VITAL RECORDS VR1013. IN MONO

23

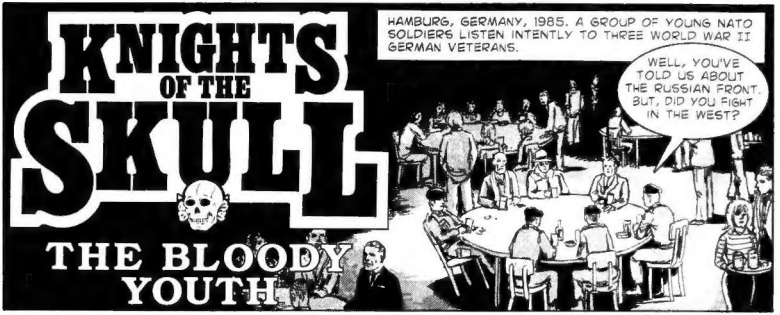
BOLLAND 20 12 87

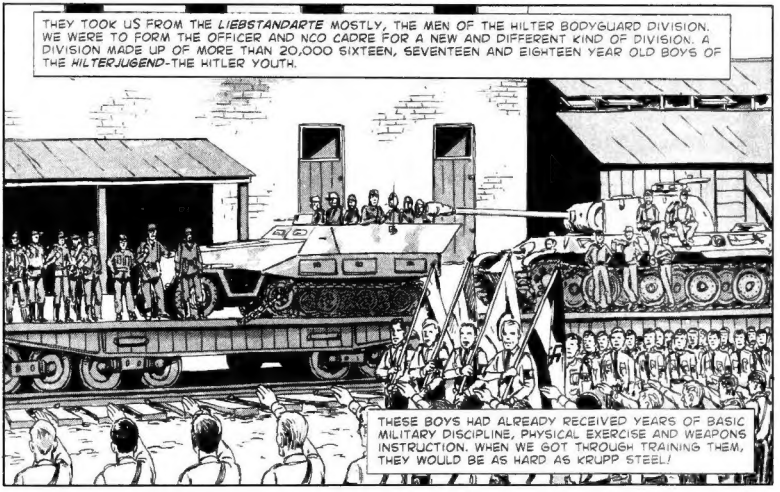
I AM SITTING IN A ROOM. I AM RECORDING THE SOUND OF MY SPEAKING VOICE. I AM GOING TO PLAY IT BACK INTO THE ROOM, AND RE-RECORD IT AGAIN AND AGAIN, UNTIL ALL SEMBLANCE OF SPEACH IS DESTROYED, AND ALL THAT REMAINS ARE THE RESONANT FREQUENCIES OF THE ROOM.

I AM SITTING IN A ROOM. I AM RECORDING THE SOUND OF MY SPEAKING VOICE. I AM GOING TO PLAY IT BACK INTO THE ROOM, AND RE-RECORD IT AGAIN AND AGAIN, UNTIL ALL SEMBLANCE OF SPEACH IS DESTROYED, AND ALL THAT REMAINS ARE THE RESONANT FREQUENCIES OF THE ROOM.

KNIGHTS OF THE SKULL

THE BLOODY YOUTH

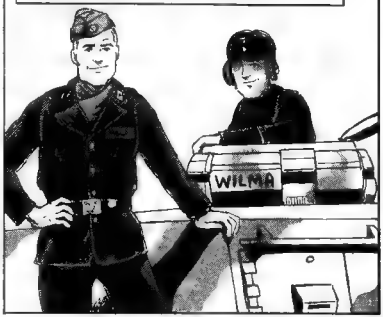

HAMBURG, GERMANY, 1985. A GROUP OF YOUNG NATO SOLDIERS LISTEN INTENTLY TO THREE WORLD WAR II GERMAN VETERANS.
WELL, YOU'VE TOLD US ABOUT THE RUSSIAN FRONT. BUT, DID YOU FIGHT IN THE WEST?


THEY TOOK US FROM THE *LIEBSTANDARTE* MOSTLY, THE MEN OF THE HILTER BODYGUARD DIVISION. WE WERE TO FORM THE OFFICER AND NCO CADRE FOR A NEW AND DIFFERENT KIND OF DIVISION. A DIVISION MADE UP OF MORE THAN 20,000 SIXTEEN, SEVENTEEN AND EIGHTEEN YEAR OLD BOYS OF THE *HILTERJUGEND*-THE HITLER YOUTH.
THESE BOYS HAD ALREADY RECEIVED YEARS OF BASIC MILITARY DISCIPLINE, PHYSICAL EXERCISE AND WEAPONS INSTRUCTION. WHEN WE GOT THROUGH TRAINING THEM, THEY WOULD BE AS HARD AS KRUPP STEEL!

WE WERE YOUNG OURSELVES, AS YEARS GO, ANYWAY. BUT WE HAD ALL COME FROM RUSSIA, AND NO ONE WHO CAME FROM THERE COULD CALL THEMSELVES A CHILD.
OUR YOUNG CHARGES WERE TOO YOUNG FOR THE REGULAR TOBACCO ISSUE...SO WE SIMPLY PASSED OUT CANDY.
THE TRAINING WE PUT THEM THROUGH WAS BRUTAL, FOR WE WANTED THEM TO ABSORB THE IMPORTANT LESSON THAT "SWEAT SAVES BLOOD."
OUR FIELD EXERCISES WERE CARRIED OUT WITH LIVE AMMUNITIONS. AFTER THE FIRST CASUALTIES, AND THE PASSING OF THE INITIAL SHOCK, THEY BEGAN TO LEARN, AND LOSES DROPPED TO BELOW "2 PERCENT."
THEY LEARNED. THEY BEGAN TO TALK AND LOOK LIKE SOLDIERS...
...BUT THEY WERE STILL TOO YOUNG TO RECEIVE THE COVETED TICKETS WHICH GAVE THEM ENTRY INTO THE MILITARY BROTHELS.

WE DID NOT TEACH THEM THE PARADE GROUND DRILL OR THE RITUAL OF MILITARY MINUTIAE, BUT TRAINED THEM FOR BATTLE. TO BE DEDICATED TO *COMBAT*. THEY WERE TAUGHT TO BE FIGHTERS, NOT SOLDIERS.

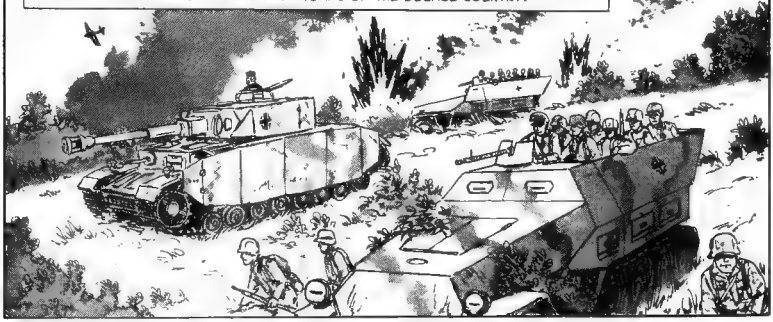
THEY HAD A TEENAGE SWAGGER ABOUT THEM. THE BOYS OF THE PANZER REGIMENT WORE BLACK LEATHER U-BOUT UNIFORMS, AND PAINTED THE NAMES OF THEIR GIRLFRIENDS ON THEIR TURRETS.



THEIR TRAINING WAS OVER. THEY WERE READY.

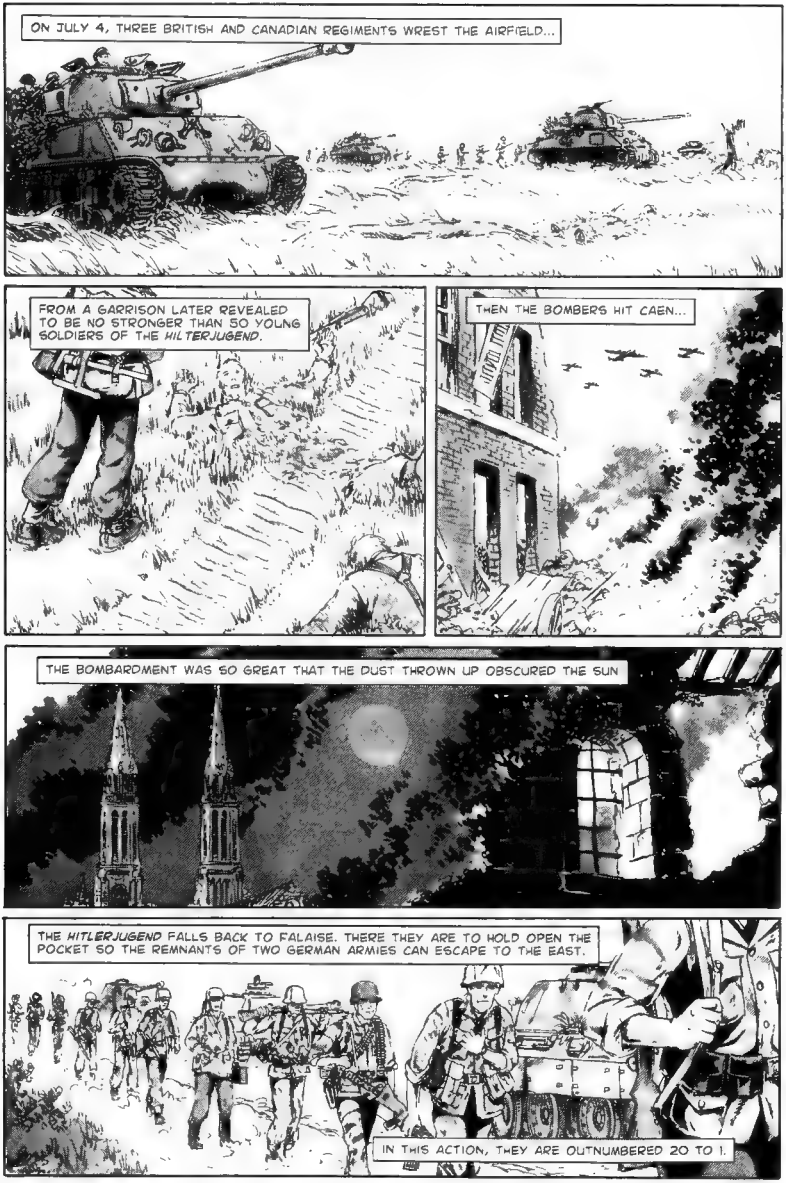
JUNE 6, 1944: A BRITISH-AMERICAN FORCE OF 200,000 STORMS ACROSS THE BEACHES OF NORMANDY! BEHIND THEM, AN ARMY OF 2 MILLION FOLLOW TO LIBERATE THE CONTINENT.

FROM THEIR BASE NEAR PARIS, THE MEN OF THE *HITLERJUGEND* RACE TO MEET THE THREAT IN NORMANDY. UNDER THE DEVASTATING FIRE OF ALLIED FIGHTER-BOMBERS, THEY MOVED ALONG THE WINDING DIRT ROADS OF THE BOCAGE COUNTRY.



THEY WERE ASSIGNED TO THE CAEN SECTOR. THEIR MISSION WAS TO HOLD THE CARPIQUET AIRFIELD AGAINST THE 3RD CANADIAN DIVISION USING THE ABBAYE D'ARDENNE AS THEIR HEADQUARTERS, THEY DUG IN.
ON THE DAY AFTER THE INVASION, THE CANADIAN SCOTS ATTACK, THEIR PIPERS PLAYING "COCK O' THE NORTH" AND "BLUE BONNETS OVER THE BORDER."
SECURE IN THEIR SLIT TRENCHES, THE YOUTH WAIT. WAIT...WAIT...
...UNTIL THE CANADIANS ARE RIGHT ON THEM!

THE ATTACK IS THROWN BACK, AND THE *HITLERJUGEND* FOLLOW WITH A BLISTERING COUNTERATTACK.
BUT THE CANADIAN ARTILLARY SUPPORT FROM OFF-SHORE WARSHIPS IS OVERWHELMING...
AND THE HITLERJUGEND LOSE 31 TANKS IN A SINGLE DAY.
THE FIGHTING AROUND CAEN GOES ON FOR DAYS...FOR WEEKS.
THERE IS NO QUARTER GIVEN OR ASKED FOR. THE HITLERJUGEND MURDER MOST OF THEIR PRISONERS.

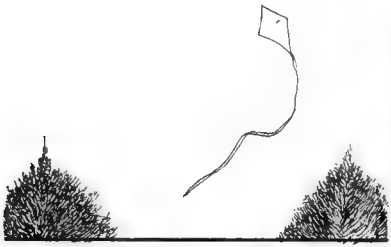

ON JULY 4, THREE BRITISH AND CANADIAN REGIMENTS WREST THE AIRFIELD...
FROM A GARRISON LATER REVEALED TO BE NO STRONGER THAN SO YOUNG SOLDIERS OF THE *HILTERJUGEND*.
THEN THE BOMBERS HIT CAEN...
THE BOMBARDMENT WAS SO GREAT THAT THE DUST THROWN UP OBSCURED THE SUN
THE *HITLERJUGEND* FALLS BACK TO FALAISE. THERE THEY ARE TO HOLD OPEN THE POCKET SO THE REMNANTS OF TWO GERMAN ARMIES CAN ESCAPE TO THE EAST.
IN THIS ACTION, THEY ARE OUTNUMBERED 20 TO 1.

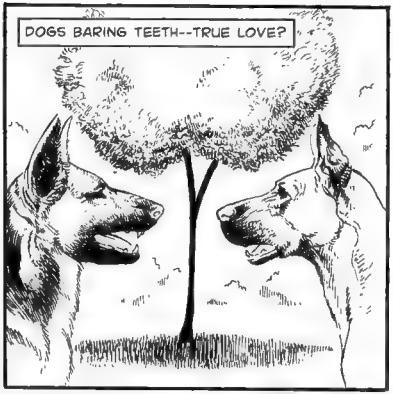
AT 1300 ON AUGUST 16, THE 2ND CANADIAN DIVISION ATTACKS.
LIKE IN A SCENE FROM THE MIDDLE-AGES, THE MEN OF THE HITLERJUGEND HOLD THE TOWN'S OLD WALL.
SLOWLY, AND AT GREAT COST, THE CANADIANS PUSH THEM BACK...
...INTO THE FORTIFIED POSITIONS IN THE TOWN.
FIFTY MEN HOLD OUT IN WHAT WAS ONCE THE GIRL'S SCHOOL OF THE ABBEY OF ST. JEAN BAPTISTE AGAINST A FULL BRIGADE.
AT 0300 HOURS, AUGUST 17, THE WORD WAS PUT OUT.
ALL UNITS FALL BACK TO RESNE LA MISE.
BUT KURT "PANZER" MEYER'S ORDER DID NOT REACH EVERYONE.

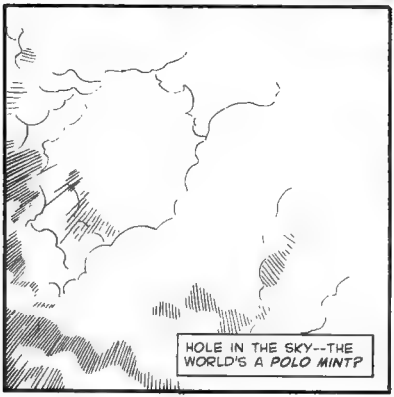
IT DID NOT REACH THE MEN IN THE GIRL'S SCHOOL
INCENDIARY SHELLS SET THE SCHOOL ABLAZE.
FOUR DEFENDERS WERE SEEN ESCAPING OUT THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE BUILDING. NO PRISONERS WERE TAKEN.
WHEN THE *HITLERJUGEND* REGROUPED AT RESNE LA MISE, OF THE ORIGINAL 20,000, ONLY 300 MEN AND ONE TANK REMAINED.
HA HA HA! YES. I FOUGHT IN THE WEST. AND MAN-FOR-MAN, WE *WHIPPED YOUR BUTTS! HA HA HA HA HA HA!*
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA...

In the Park

BY JIM ALEXANDER
AND CHRIS MCLOUGHLIN



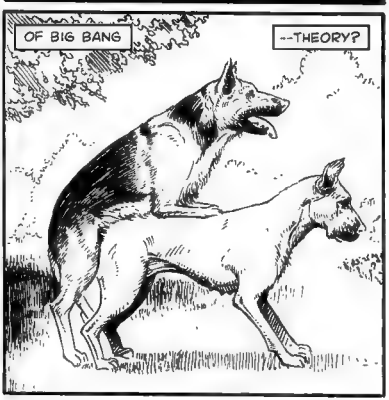




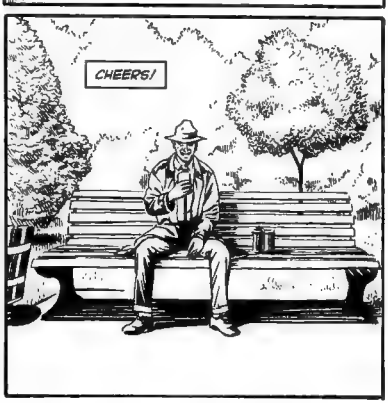
...WITH A KISS.

TO COIN A PHRASE..

I'VE HAD MY FILL


OF BIG BANG
--THEORY?

WHEN I GO, LET IT BE A QUITE DEATH.


CHEERS!

LIEUTENANT MARTY O'MALLY AND DEPUTY BERNIE GRIMES IN
DAS CHICKEN
A BAD MYSTERY
BY GREG DUFFY
AHEM
YO, LIEUTENANT! OVER HERE!
"YO, LIEUTENANT?"
WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON HERE, GRIMES? AND WHAT'S THAT GOD-AWFUL SMELL?
SMELL? WHAT SMELL?
OH, YOU MUST MEAN THE ROTTING CARCASS SMELL. THAT WOULD BE THE DEAD CHICKEN.
WHY ARE YOU HOLDING THAT THING?! I DIDN'T DRIVE ALL THE WAY OUT HERE FOR A FUCKING CHICKEN MURDER! ... DID I?
WHY? IS THAT A PROBLEM?
I'M JUST KIDDING, ACTUALLY, OLD LADY JONES CALLED US 'CUZ SHE'S SCARED FOR HER LIFE, THE WUSSY. SHE ALLEGEDLY RETURNED FROM A VISIT WITH HER SISTER TO FIND THE THING LYING ON THE FLOOR.
WHAT, HER SISTER?
SPLAT!
NAW, THE CHICKEN. SHE'S STILL PRETTY UPSET, TOO.
THE CHICKEN?
NO, GODDAMMIT! OLD LADY JONES IS UPSET ABOUT FINDING THE DEAD CHICKEN!

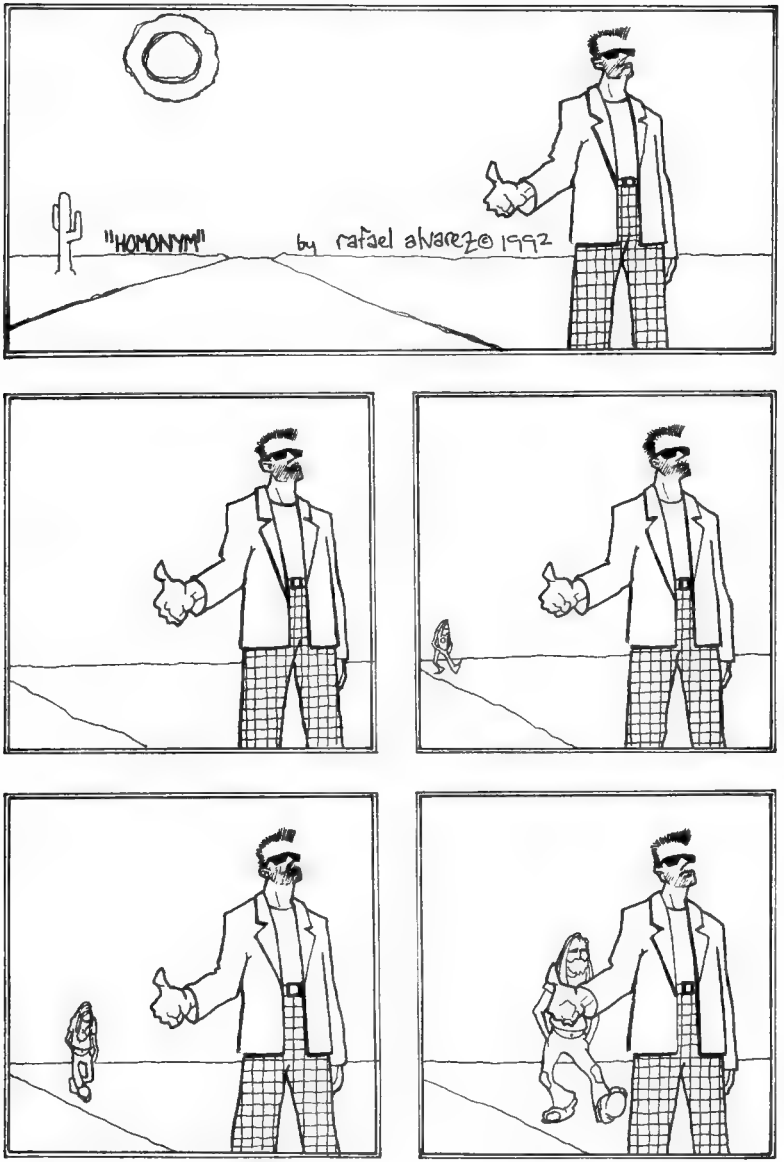
I SEE... I'M GUESSING THE CHICKEN WAS STILL ALIVE WHEN SHE LEFT?
HUH? NO... I MEAN- UM... ALLEGEDLY IT WASN'T HERE AT ALL WHEN SHE LEFT. WE SUSPECT SOMEONE THREW IT THROUGH HER WINDOW WHILE SHE WAS OUT.
WELL, HELL, GRIMES, THIS HUGE HOLE HERE PRACTICALLY INVITES PEOPLE TO THROW POULTRY PRODUCTS INTO HER HOUSE, FOR GOD'S SAKE!
ACTUALLY, LIEUTENANT, WE WERE KIND OF GOING ON THE ASSUMPTION THAT THE HOLE ORIGINATED FROM THE ALLEGED THROWING OF SAID CHICKEN.
WOULD YOU STOP SAYING "ALLEGED?!" IT'S GETTING ON MY FUCKING NERVES!
UH, YEAH, SURE.
ALLEGEDALLEGEDAL-LEGEDALLEGEDALLEGEDALLEGEDALLEGED...
OH. OH, YEAH. THERE WAS ALSO A NOTE-
AN OAT?
A NOTE. IT WAS TIED TO THE CHICKEN'S LEG...
...SEE?
GAH!
JEEZUS, GRIMES! THE WHOLE LEG? COULDN'T YOU HAVE JUST PULLED THE NOTE OFF?
WELL, I SUPPOSE SO- BUT I DON'T SEE THE FUN IN THAT, IF I...
ALRIGHT! ALRIGHT! WHAT DOES THE DAMN NOTE SAY? SHEE!

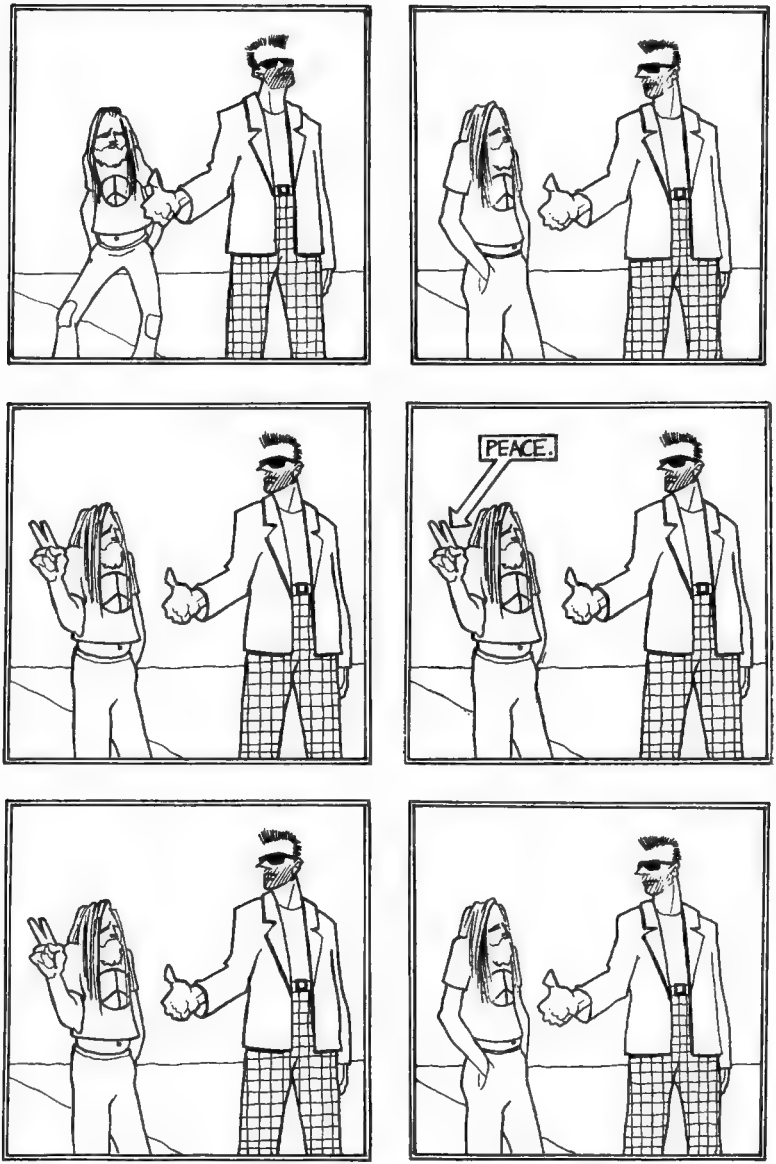
OKAY, LET'S SEE... IT SAYS: ROSES IS RED, VIOLETS IS BLUE, THIS HERE CHICKEN IS DEAD, NEXT IT COULD BE YOU.
WELL! TAKE AWAY THE TERRIBLE GRAMMAR AND THE FACT THAT IT'S A DEATH THREAT, AND YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF ONE BEAUTIFUL POEM!
WHAT THE HELL?
BUMP
EXCUSE ME!
DON'T YOU KNOW THAT TAMPERING WITH EVIDENCE IS A FUCKIN' FELONY IN THIS STATE?!
UH... SIR, THAT'S INSPECTOR SKULLY. HE'S WITH US.
MMM...
WELL, THEN, MAYBE THE "INSPECTOR" CAN TELL ME WHAT FLOOR WE MIGHT BE ON?
WHAT? ARE YOU BEING SERIOUS? WE'RE ON THE SIXTH, OF COURSE.
GLASS SHARDS
OUCH.
-AND NO BALCONY THAT I CAN SEE...
NONE THAT YOU CAN'T SEE, EITHER, POPS...
AND I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GETTING AT...
BANDAGES
...YOU THINK THAT, BEING THIS HIGH UP, IT WOULD BE NEARLY IMPOSSIBLE FOR SOMEONE TO THROW THAT CHICKEN FROM THE STREET, RIGHT?
ACTUALLY, I JUST WANTED TO KNOW WHERE THE BALCONY WAS SO I COULD SMOKE A CIGARETTE...

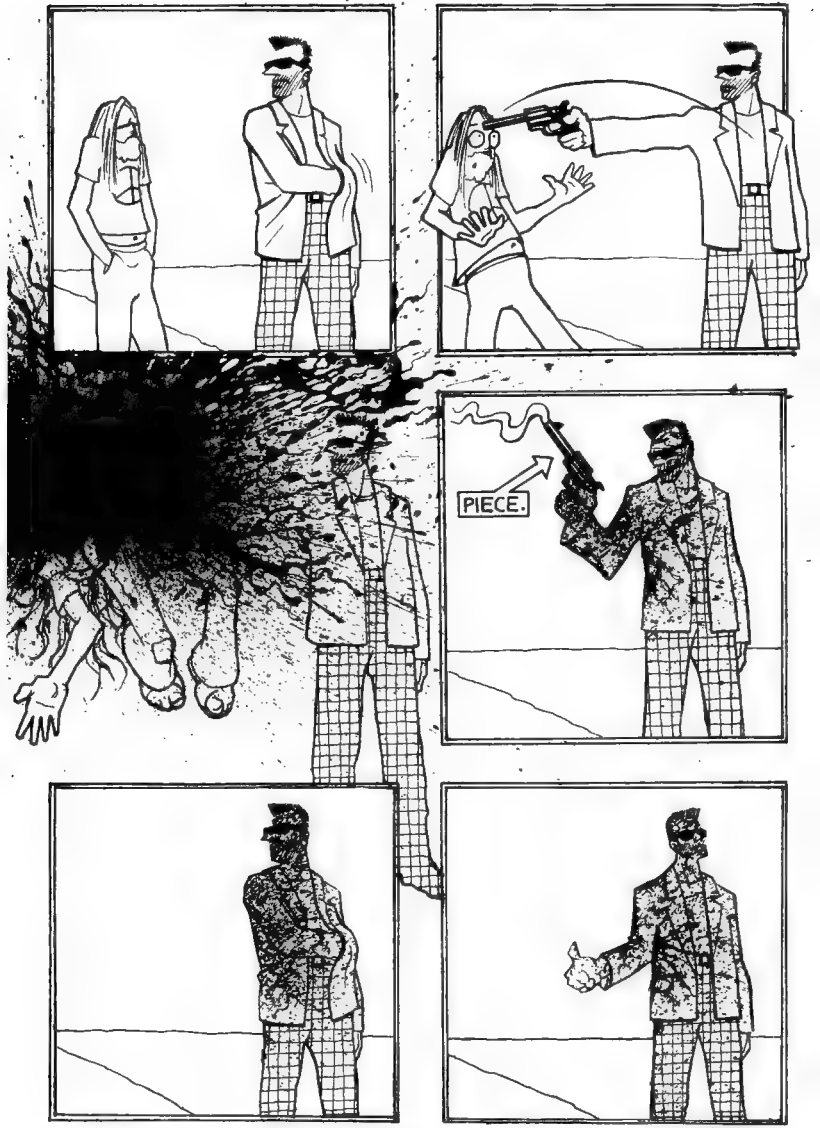
ANYWAY, UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, WE BELIEVE IT MUST'VE BEEN THROWN FROM THE STREET.
MAYBE THE CHICKEN FLEW THROUGH THE WINDOW ON A SUICIDE MISSION.
WELL, THAT'S AN INTERESTING THEORY, LIEUTENANT, CONSIDERING THAT THE CHICKEN IS A FLIGHTLESS BIRD, ESPECIALLY IN THIS CASE, AS IT WAS TWO WEEKS DEAD BEFORE ITS "MISSION."
HMM... YOU GET ALL THAT, GRIMES?
YES, LIEUTENANT: "THEREFORE, THE AFOREMENTIONED ALLEGED FLIGHTLESS PERPETRATOR..."
OH, JESUS CHRIST. WELL, ANYWAY, YOU CAN GET BACK TO WHATEVER IT IS THAT YOU DO, INSPECTOR SCURVY.
THAT'S SKULLY.
OUTSIDE...
OKAY, GRIMES, PAY CLOSE ATTENTION TO THIS TREMENDOUS TEST OF STENGTH.
I THOUGHT IT WAS A FELONY TO TAMPER WITH EVIDENCE
WELL, HOW 'BOUT I TRY THROWING YOU THROUGH THE FUCKIN' WINDOW, THEN?
UH... NO, THANKS.
OKAY, NOW, IT MAY LOOK PRETTY HIGH, BUT IF SOME DAMN HOOLIGAN COULD DO IT...
UNGH!
OOPS.

NICE THROW, HERCULES.
FUCK YOU, GRIMES, IT MUST'VE SLIPPED OR SOMETHING.
HEY, YOU BASTARDS! WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING, THROWING CHICKENS AT MY WINDOW?!
HM?
SORRY, SIR. WE'RE POLICE OFFICERS. WE... UH... RESERVE THE RIGHT TO THROW CHICKENS.
YOU WHAT?
I MEAN, WELL, WE'LL SEND SOMEONE DOWN IN A LITTLE WHILE WITH SOME CHICKEN SOLVENT OR SOMETHING.
OH, FORGET IT...
..THE WINDOW WASHER WILL CLEAN UP YOUR SHIT.
THE WINDOW WASHER?
YEAH, WINDOW WASHER. WHAT ARE YOU, A FUCKING PARROT?
UH, NOT THE LAST TIME I CHECKED, NO.
TELL ME—THIS WINDOW WASHER... DOES HE HAVE EQUIPMENT FOR SCALING BUILDINGS AND STUFF?
OF COURSE HE DOES, YOU MORON. DID YOU THINK HE JUST WALKS UP THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING?

YOU KNOW... I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT. WELL, LETS GO, GRIMES. WE'VE GOT A DATE WITH A WINDOW WASHER.
A DATE? DO I HAVE TIME TO CHANGE?
LATER, BACK IN OLD LADY JONES' APARTMENT...
YOU, ARNIE? YOU DID THIS? BUT WHY? WHY ME? WHY?!
ARNIE
MELODRAMA AT ITS FINEST.
WELL, ALICE, THE TRUTH IS, I JUST COULDN'T STAND SEEING YOUR BEAUTIFUL BODY THROUGH THAT WINDOW, DAY AFTER DAY, KNOWING THAT I COULD NEVER HAVE YOU...
AW, JEEZUS CHRIST! WOULD YOU GET HIM OUT OF HERE?! HE'S MAKIN' ME SICK!
C'MON, YOU CREEPY BASTARD! YOU'RE GOIN' DOWNTOWN!
I LOVE YOU, ALICE.
I ALWAYS GET MY MAN!
END


"HOMONYM"
by rafael alvarez © 1992


PEACE.


PIECE.
THE END.

YOU'RE NOT WALKING OUT ON ME, BITCH!
I DON'T WANNA HEAR ANY SHIT ABOUT YOU FINDING GOD!
YOUR ASS IS MINE, WHORE!
URK

THE BRINK
PERSISTENT LITTLE DEVIL, AREN'T YOU?
WHO ARE YOU!? WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?
DON'T LOOK SO SHOCKED.
YOU KNEW YOU'D BE SEEING ME EVENTUALLY.
YES...I KNOW YOU.
WHAT DO YOU WANT?

WHY, YOUR IMMORTAL SOUL, OF COURSE.
WHY?
I MEAN WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH IT?
I MUST APOLOGIZE FOR ALL THE MELODRAMA.
WHAT I MEAN TO SAY IS THAT I WANT TO SHOW YOU THE TRUTH.
YOU WANTED TO TURN YOUR LIFE OVER TO GOD.
I SAY LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT WHAT SHE'S DONE FOR YOU.
THEN TELL ME WHY YOU SHOULD DO ANYTHING FOR HER.

OH, HERE'S A WONDERFUL SHOT OF YOU AS A SMALL CHILD, GRACE.
"FOR SOME REASON YOUR MOTHER'S BOY-FRIEND RESENTED YOU."
"AND WHEN HE HAD TOO MUCH TO DRINK..."
"HE'D LET YOU KNOW IT."
"THEN THERE'S MOMMY..."
"MOMMY WAS A LITTLE PRE-OCCUPIED WITH HER OWN PROBLEMS."
"SHE LEFT YOU TO FEND FOR YOURSELF... AND SO DID GOD."
EXCUSE ME...
"...BUT IF YOU'RE GOING TO PUT ME ON TRIAL I THINK I SHOULD BE HERE TO DEFEND MYSELF."

This isn't FUNNY!
SHE MAKES SENSE!
WHY SHOULD I BELIEVE IN YOU?
LOOK AT THE PICTURES OF MY LIFE!
YOU CAN LET ME LIVE LIKE THAT, AND I'M SUPPOSED TO THANK YOU FOR IT?!!
WHO THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU ARE TO TALK TO ME LIKE THAT?!
I GAVE YOU LIFE!
I GAVE YOU EVERYTHING!
YOU TURN YOUR WORLD INTO A SEWER AND THEN YOU HAVE THE GALL TO BITCH AT ME ABOUT IT!!?
SHE ALWAYS DOES THAT.
TRY TO MAKE YOU HUMANS FEEL GUILTY...
KNOWING DAMN WELL YOU CAN'T CONTROL EVERYTHING.

ALL RIGHT, DEVIL, WE'LL PLAY IT YOUR WAY.
YOU'VE SHOWN HER WHAT'S BAD, NOW I'LL SHOW HER WHAT'S GOOD.
REMEMBER SISTER JOAN?
SHE BROUGHT YOU BACK FROM THE BRINK.
SHE SAVED YOUR LIFE.
SHE'S A NUN! SHE WOULD HAVE DONE THAT FOR ANYONE!
I KNOW. ANYONE. ANYONE AT ALL.
JOAN SHOWED YOU THAT YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO BE A REFLECTION OF THE WORLD AROUND YOU.
SHE SHOWED YOU THAT YOU COULD BE MORE.
GRACE!
GRACE, IT'S ALL A LIE! SHE'S JUST A FANTASY AND SO AM I!
SHUT UP.
KLACK

KLIK
the
END

CLASSICS DESECRATED™

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE & LAURA WILDER'S...

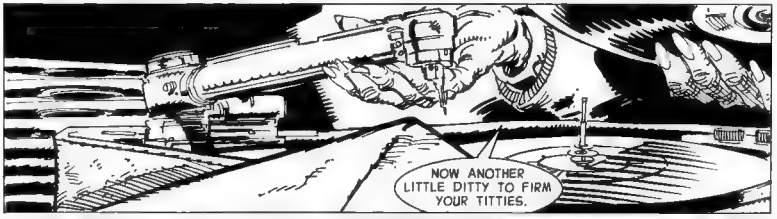
LITTLE HOUSE ON THE LOST WORLD

CONVOLUTED by DOUG WHEELER & MIKE HOFFMAN

THE RECORD PLAYER

"MY NAME IS SAMANTHA. MOMMY AND DADDY DON'T LIVE WITH ME ANYMORE. DADDY WAS THE FIRST ONE TO GO."
THANK YOU, SHERIFF. PLEASE CALL IF YOU HEAR ANYTHING.
MOMMY.
MOMMY!!
I'M TELLING YOU HE'S IN MAMA MAGGIE'S RECORD PLAYER!
I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO STOP THAT NONSENSE!
BUT...
BAD ENOUGH HE'D LEAVE HIS WIFE AND CHILD, BUT HIS SENILE MOTHER?
MOMMY WAS EVEN MADDER WHEN I CALLED 9-1-1. THE LADY WHO ANSWERED DIDN'T BELIEVE ME EITHER."

"I KNOW DADDY'S IN THE RECORD PLAYER, BECAUSE I SAW THE NEEDLE SUCK HIM IN."
"SO DID MAMA MAGGIE, BUT SHE HAS SOMETHING CALLED OLD TIMERS AND DOESN'T REMEMBER THINGS."


NOW ANOTHER LITTLE DITTY TO FIRM YOUR TITTIES.

"MOMMY SAYS MAMA MAGGIE WILL HAVE TO GO IF DADDY'S GONE. SHE SAYS MAMA MAGGIE NEEDS SPECIAL CARE. I DON'T SEE WHY."

"I DON'T CARE IF MOMMY THINKS I'M LYING."
"I DON'T CARE IF THE 9-1-1 LADY IS MAD."
"I'M GOING TO GET DADDY OUT OF THE RECORD PLAYER."
"THEN MAMA MAGGIE CAN STILL LIVE WITH US."

SAMANTHA ELIZABETH LASSITER!
UH OH.
LORDY, LORDY!
YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF, YOUNG LADY!
DAMMIT!

"JUST LIKE DADDY...MOMMY WAS SUCKED RIGHT UP INSIDE!"
HUSH, CHILD. LET'S LISTEN TO A RECORD.
MOMMY!
THAT'S IT. PUT ON LORETTA.
"I WAS BORN A COAL MINER'S DAUGHTER..."
"IT WAS AN EVIL RECORD PLAYER!"
"I BROKE IT GOOD, SO IT WOULDN'T EAT ANY MORE PEOPLE."

"A LONG TIME LATER, I GOT REAL HUNGRY, BUT MAMA MAGGIE JUST SAT THERE SINGING, SO I CALLED 9-1-1."
"I TOLD THE 9-1-1 LADY THAT I WAS HUNGRY, AND MOMMY AND DADDY WAS GONE. I DIDN'T SAY NOTHING ABOUT THE RECORD PLAYER."
"A POLICEMAN CAME AND TOOK ME AWAY FROM MAMA MAGGIE. A LADY CAME TO THE POLICE PLACE AND SAID I HAD TO GO WITH HER. SHE ASKS LOTS OF QUESTIONS ABOUT MOMMY AND DADDY."
"I TELL HER ALL ABOUT THE RECORD PLAYER. I EVEN DRAW HER A PICTURE ABOUT IT."
"BUT I STILL DON'T THINK ANYBODY BELIEVES ME."

letters

Steve Welburn
via Internet

Hi there,

I can never be bothered to send letters off regarding comics, but as you gave an e-mail, I thought "why not" hence this blurb ...

BONESHAKER is getting more interesting each issue it's odd, but I like it.

MR. MAMOULIAN, yeah, I like it, always seems a bit like a space-filler to me (a good space filler, but space filler none-the-less).

THE CHICKEN THAT KNEW, LIKE, EVERYTHING hehehe. Not exactly a difficult punch line to spot, but nicely told we just don't get enough chickens in comics. It managed to show the full horror of Fried Chicken pieces as well.

THE FLAMING CARROT in "Mystery Of The Flying Fish." Sorry, I wanted to like it. Really. But it disappointed me. Sniff.

"Fires I Wish I'd Seen" The best of the ALAN MOORE'S SONGBOOK tales (so far). More of this standard please.

CYBERREAL ORBIT. Hey, like, is this guy trying to say that cybergeeks are inadequate or something? [if so, then I probably agree] I almost didn't read this, the first page was so cringeworthy, but the nice bold art and the computerness made me keep going. The ending was unexpected, and was a good reminder that a real world does exist outside these computer thingies. Hope to see (much) more of Stephen Cheng's stuff in the future.

CLASSICS DESECRATED. Sometimes this works for me, sometimes not. This issue the three tales were a fair cross section. "Success Of The Wicked" didn't really get it, 'twas laughless for me. "The Organs In Revolt" I got it it was fun, cool, grotesque and had a good moral. "The Skunk" I got this one too (I think). Fun, cool, cute, and I lurved the "Roman Catholics."

THE CIRCLE GAME... 12:16 hang on a minute I haven't read this yet 12:25. Now I have. Hmmm. Interesting. Reminds me somehow of "The Hitcher" nicely done, and the marbles were a nice touch, especially as Al seemed to have lost any others he ever had Not hugely original, but nice to see. Just don't make it an ongoing series

That's it. One set of thoughts on issue fourteen

Thanks for e-mailing your comments in, Steve. Isn't it so easy to just type your letter into the computer and just send it over the 'net? I love modern technology. I agree with you about Stephen Cheng. I think he has a lot of talent and hope to see more of his work in these pages.

Olav Beemer
Brugakker 36-06
3704 LP Zeist
The Netherlands

Dear Joe,

Well, NEGATIVE BURN #14 contained quite a number of short stories, so in order to keep this letter's size within measurable lengths, let's skip straight ahead and get to the comments on the most interesting stories of the pack, okay?

THE CHICKEN THAT KNEW, LIKE, EVERYTHING not only was a nicely paced and in the end hilarious story, it also could be considered as a modern fairy tale. As for all intents and purposes, it truly is just that. For the better part of the story, that is until the very last panel of it, I was led to believe this chicken that knew, like, everything, was still alive and well in the present, probably functioning as some highly regarded ambassador of the chicken race. Therefore, the final panel is all the more unexpected and funny. Good job from Michael Moe and David Verruni.

Seeing how, in the nineties, the cyberspace of discussion forums like Internet and CompuServe have more and more taken in a pivotal place in the modern society, CYBERREAL ORBIT was a more than welcome story. This short tale all too clearly showed what might happen when the virtual fantasies of the 'net and the real world reality come together in an unexpected collision. Surely, this has provided plenty of ethical questions to mull over, like, what major ramifications will an almost continual hanging out in the cyberspace have on a person's personal interactions in the real world? 'Intriguing' even is too small a word to even begin to describe it!

THE CIRCLE GAME, the concluding story of this issue, proved to be a very decent and interesting one. Seeing how just six harmless marbles can cause that kind of cruel accidents makes my spine tickle in shivers. Now, thanks to Michael Gilbert, there's no way in the world I'm ever going to pick up a hitcher who's holding anything even remotely looking like a marble!

Overall another superb issue. As for me having missed out on NEGATIVE BURN #8, worry no longer. There isn't a more fun way to get missed issues of this book than to come and get them personally at the San Diego Con! Hey, it worked for me!

It was nice meeting you in person in San Diego, Olav. I still can't get over you coming all the way from the Netherlands for the show! Thanks for being so consistent with your letters of comment. Nothing makes me happier, well, almost nothing, then getting mail, so, please, everyone send me mail!

Also, I've been keeping tabs on all the foreign countries I receive mail from and the updated list includes England, Canada, Scotland, Germany, Sweden, The Netherlands (Hi, Olav), Philippines, and Australia. Obviously there are more countries in the world than these, so you people who live overseas and read this comic need to write me letters! You're dismissed until next month.

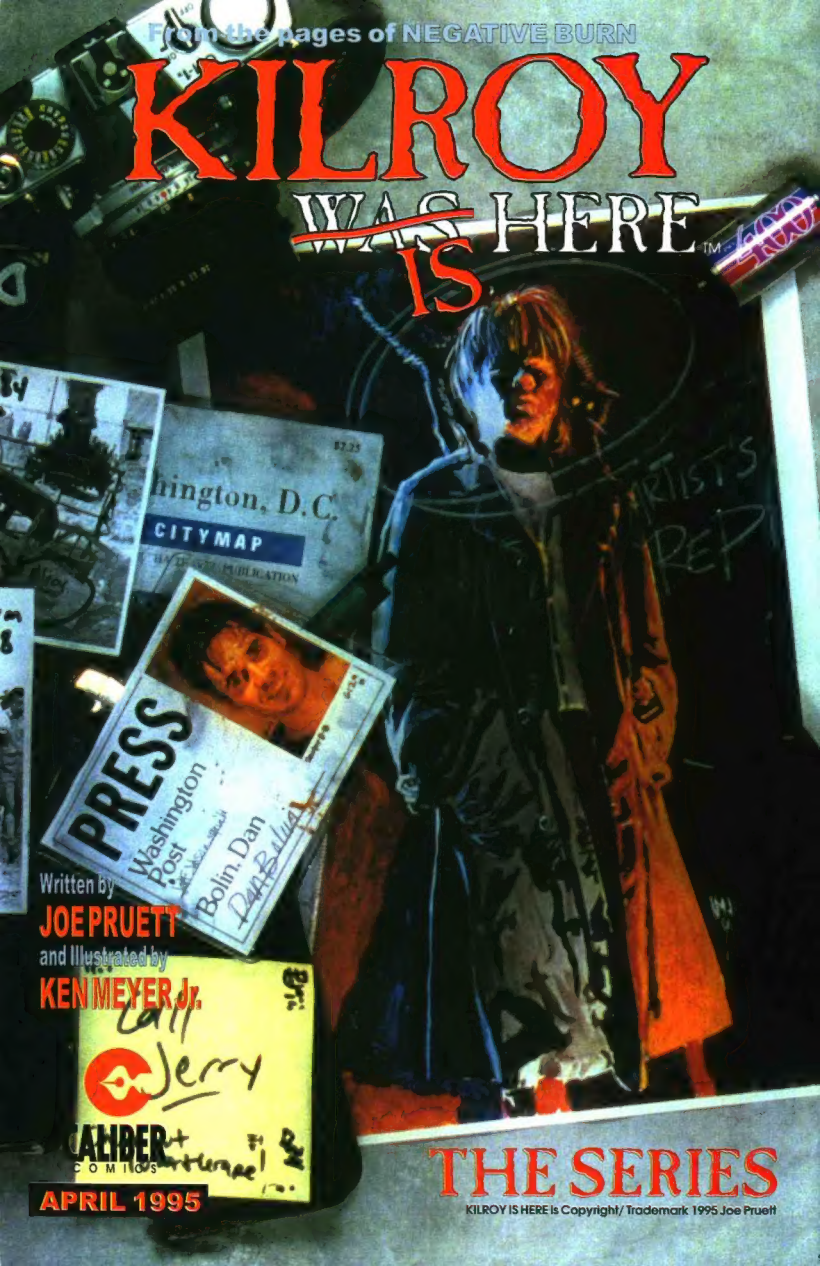
ANNOUNCING THE NEGATIVE BURN / KILROY TOUR OF 1995

I will be touring throughout 1995 to help promote Negative Burn and the Kilroy Is Here series. I will personally be at every signing, with other creators who have contributed to Negative Burn and/or Kilroy. If any store owners out there are interested in having the tour stop at their store drop me a line. So far I have the following dates and cities confirmed. I'll be announcing the rest of the tour as the dates and locations become finalized.

– Joe Pruett

February 25, 1995
Warner Robins, GA
Komix Castle (912) 923-6808
appearing with Wayne Vansant (Days Of Darkness), Chris Hunter (Xenobrood), Ray Snyder (Kilroy: Revelations), Jim Frier Negative Burn #19), and Tony Harris (Starman)* Tentative.

Other shops tentatively planned will be in Detroit, Athens, GA, Atlanta, Cincinnati, Cleveland, OH, Yellow Springs, OH, Indianapolis, Louisville, Birmingham, Spartanburg, SC, Charlotte, Chattanooga, TN, Chicago, and St. Louis.
More next month.


From the pages of NEGATIVE BURN
KILROY
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TM
$2.25
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Washington Post
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and Illustrated by
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